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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



BLAINE'S VIGOROUS FOREIGN POLICY.
Duet by these brilliant Americans:
"For he's a jolly good fellow—For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.



F. Oppen

TWO MORE "BRILLIANT AMERICANS" FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES TO MEET.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUT OF all the anarchist disturbances, all the rioting, fighting and bomb-throwing from which this country has suffered, one good thing is likely to come. There is a prospect that those two sad spectres, the Republican party and the Democratic party, will be laid. Some day, it may be, a new line of division will be drawn in national politics; a line that will really divide something, for it will be drawn between the lawless and the law-abiding. When that day comes, Americans will cease from silly bickering over the quarrels of a past generation, and will unite against a common and most un-American enemy. Will that day come? It seems to us that any thinking man can answer that question for himself, if he keeps his eyes open.

The forces that must bring it are in active operation. There is a meaning behind all the strikes and "demonstrations of the labor power" that we see and hear of. They are bad enough, the most of them, silly and mischievous enough; but the spirit in which they are born is a far more dangerous thing, full of possibilities of ill-doing as yet unthought of. We all know that such men as Powderly, George and Schevitch are constantly laboring to instill hatred of the laws into the minds of the manual laborers of the country; but we smile contemptuously at their efforts. One charlatan after another is exposed, shown forth for what he is, and, in the end, denounced by his own followers. Will not this be the case with all? Shall they not die in their own folly? Possibly—certainly, even. No bladder stays forever inflated. It is only a question of time, the ultimate disappearance of these men and their absurd teachings. But they have begun a work which they can not undo if they would. They have created in untaught, ill-regulated minds an Idea—false, wicked, visionary; but an Idea alive and germinating in dull, retentive brains; sure, soon or late, to take form in action that must only be the more violent for long repression. It is the idea of organized and open robbery.

We take the liberty of putting this fact into plain English. When you reduce the sophisms of the Georges and Schevitches and Powderlys to their simplest terms, you find that they propose robbery, and nothing more nor less. Mr. Powderly proposes to rob the workingman of his right to decide what is best for him individually, and to rob the employer of his right to make his own contracts. Mr. George proposes to rob the land-owner of his land. Mr. Schevitch proposes to rob everybody of everything, and to leave it to a council of Schevitches to plan out a man's whole life for him, and the life of his wife and the lives of their children and of their children's children. They all differ in their methods; but, one and all, they propose to deprive somebody of something. Each wants, in some way, a monopoly of robbery.

Now, if you put it to the plain citizen in a plain way; if you say to him: "Here, there are a great many poor people in this world: I am going to take away your land and assume the management of your business myself"—the plain citizen will tell you that you can not do it, and shall not attempt it. But, unfortunately, if you tell him you have a theory for the regeneration of society, he will listen to you. Unfortunately, he is listening now to the wild talk of men who pretend to be acting for the benefit of society. He listens to the talkative Anarchist, forgetting that the Anarchist in this country is the man who threw the bomb that killed and mangled men in the Chicago streets. He listens to the Socialist, and never thinks that Socialism is the same Communism which put Paris to fire and sword at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. He listens to Powderly and George, and does not take into consideration the fact that they are tempting him to overturn the laws of his country. To some extent, he takes these people at their own valuation; he accepts them seriously for what they say they are. Can there be any doubt as to what such tolerance of half-disguised lawlessness must lead to? If we are willing to discuss with Mr. George whether or no he shall take our land from us; with Mr. Powderly whether or no he shall manage our business for us; with Mr. Schevitch whether or no he shall take the entire direction of our lives in his hands, and with Herr Most whether or no he shall

blow us all to atoms with dynamite—why, where are we to stop? This is a new matter in ethics. In the old times we did not interest ourselves in Mr. Brockway's reasons for forging bonds or Mr. Coakley's notions as to the propriety of breaking into banks—we simply sent them to prison when they broke, or tried to break, the laws.

It is not that Powderly or George or Schevitch is personally likely to break the law. Each one of them values his own skin too highly. But they all make their living by telling ignorant men that money can be made, and comfort secured, by other means than honest industry. They all advocate, in one way or another, subversion of the laws of the nation. There is really no difference between what they advise and what Coakley did. All they have to say for themselves and their theories is: "The poor are poor; the rich are rich: let us take from the rich to give to the poor." Robin Hood said much the same thing. It sounds bravely; but it is not moral; it is not lawful. Yet we must remember that it is accepted as a truth by thousands of thoughtless, discontented men. We must remember that these men have been fed full of lies concerning themselves, their work, and their position in the community. We must remember that they have been inflated with flattery to the last bounds of self-conceit; that they believe all that has been told them by their professed friends, and that they really think that in some mysterious manner—they know not how, or by whom, or why—they are wronged. And we must remember that they are not clear-minded enough, nor sufficiently well-educated, to reason for themselves. They will never be satisfied until they have a practical exemplification of the impracticability of their ideas.

If all the "agitators" in the country were to-morrow reduced to silence and inactivity, we could not prevent the growth of the seed they have sown. They have inoculated thousands of men with the notion that affluence may be reached, not by intelligent labor, but by organized force, acting according to a law of its own. We may flatter ourselves that this notion will perish of its own absurdity; but it will not. The Georges, the Powderlys and all the rest of this unprincipled mob are accidents. Their false teaching is something more vital than they. It is our belief that we shall live to see the mischief of that teaching made active and visible. It will be well for us all, indeed, if in that hour we cast aside our silly partisan quarrels, and stand ready to uphold the simple principles of law and justice on which a great nation was founded, a good century ago.



AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

CITIZEN OF PORTLAND (who is familiar with appliances for evading the Maine Law).—Here 's th' nick'l, Mister. Make it whiskey 'n checkerberry, will yer?



HE WOULD MIX FINANCE WITH ART.

MISS GOLDSBY.—How does my new gown strike you, papa?

PAPA (*laconically*).—For about two hundred and fifty, I suppose, my dear!

DIVERS DIALOGUES.

IT HAD WEIGHT IN IT.

SMITH (*to JONES, who lives in the apartment overhead*).—I say, old fellow, you must have been awfully full last night. I heard you fall when you got up stairs.

JONES.—I did n't fall, dear boy. That was my wife—she dropped a remark as I went in!

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

REPORTER (*to EMINENT PHYSICIAN*).—Anything new this morning, Doctor?

EMINENT PHYSICIAN.—Oh—um—ah, yes—an operation at the Cheek and Chin Hospital, one of the most wonderful known to science. I

took out the inner lining of a man's pericardium, put three stitches in it, and restored it. Patient lived twenty minutes. A most rare and successful case!

THE ACME OF LAZINESS.

POLICEMAN (*leaning against peanut-stand*).—Gape fer me, ye calico-hided Oyetalian!

PEANUT-VENDER gapes.

POLICEMAN.—Gape wider, ye shnake!

PEANUT-VENDER turns his head inside out.

POLICEMAN.—It's well ye did! (*Fills his tail-pocket with peanuts and goes into saloon for something to keep awake on.*)

AT THE RECEPTION.

MISS VAWZE (*from Bawstine*).—Which do you like the better, Mr. Miller, winter or spring?MR. MILLER (*from Minneapolis*).—Well, a good hard No. 1 spring grinds pretty well, and there's the most money in it; but, after all, give me the regular old-fashioned winter wheat that ain't growed any, and I'll guarantee you the best flour every time!

LONESOME, BUT COMFORTABLE.

“Did you enjoy the opera last night, John?” inquired his wife.

“Not much,” he answered: “I was lonesome, and was sorry I was detained at the office so late that I had n't time to come for you. This going alone to the theatre is n't what it's cracked up to be, my dear.”

“No, I suppose not,” returned the lady thoughtfully: “Still, you must have been very comfortable,” she added: “as the two ticket stubs I found in your vest-pocket gave you the advantage of more than one seat.”

THE LATEST DELICACY FOR HARLEM GOATS.

NEW YORK TOURIST.—What's that goat running after that wagon for?

HARLEMITE.—That's an undertaker's wagon. Goats up this way always follow them so as to get a chance to eat the crape off the bell-handle. They'll run a mile to get a taste of black bombazine.

HE OUGHT NOT TO COMPLAIN.

“Ah, me,” he sighed: “it is a cold world. The rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust!”

“Yes, John,” said his wife: “and that ought to be a source of great consolation to you. You have no reason to complain.”

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.

MISS ETHEL.—Mr. Featherly paid you a very handsome compliment last night, Clara!

MISS CLARA.—Oh, did he? What was it?

MISS ETHEL.—He spoke of your new black-velvet suit, and thought he never saw you look so well. “It is wonderful,” he said: “what a difference dress makes with some people!”





INDUSTRY BRINGS SURE reward, the poet or some one has said; but let us look into the matter a little. I am a poor old dust-covered, rusted and forgotten gas meter. It is with difficulty that I restrain several large, damp tears, as I remember the time, but a few short years ago, when my dainty cubic feet first started on Life's grand march. Filled up to the brim with the glad ambition of youth, I had but one desire, and that was to work. I realized that I had been placed in a position of trust by a poor but honest corporation. I knew that my standing with my employers would depend upon the efforts I put forth in their behalf.

The first day I went to work I registered a solemn vow to ever merit the trust and confidence of my employers, or burst. I also registered six hundred and forty-eight feet of gas the same day. The first month passed by in a trifle over four weeks. My life during that time was that of a happy child. When night spread her inky mantle over things I sought repose; but the morning sun's first rays found me at work with renewed vigor. At the end of the month an employee of the company came to observe the result of my month's work. As he made a note in a little book, I noticed a smile of approval flit over his mobile countenance, and he patted me affectionately at parting. His few demonstrations of approbation kindled the fire of high resolve within my tin-covered breast. I would toil on, nor ever cease; during the silent watches of the night, as well as during the long sunny days, I would not even stop for a sandwich.

And now came the shadow of a great trouble. The shadow was a large, angry-looking man; he came to my side with rapid steps, and gazed fiercely at me. In one hand he held a printed piece of paper which, I observed, contained the result of my first month's work. By some occult process I then knew that that man would eventually be the means of my destruction. I trembled, but that did n't help the matter any. At any rate, I thought, I will do my duty. So I glanced regretfully at the "statement of meter last month," and started in again.

Perchance, fierce reader (I am tired of gentle readers), you do not know what hard work is. You may have read of the man who lost both his arms, and afterward erected a three-story dwelling house, with gas and bath and a mortgage, within five minutes walk of the Post-office, a Queen Anne barn, a hen house, and a barbed-wire fence around the whole. You are told that he did all this with his feet, and possibly with some little assistance of his eye-brows. But even all that would be play compared with the work I did. A gas meter never depends upon luck to

boost it along in life. It is fully aware that hard work is the only means by which it may attain success. You have never heard of a gas meter poking around in a dark cellar with a stick, or around the decayed stump of a tree and unearthing a tomato-can-full of three thousand dollars in gold. Such fortune is not for the meek and lowly but get-there-just-the-same gas meter.

Time passed on. [Used by special permission.] But still I continued to make myself round-shouldered for those I loved. Have you ever heard it rumored, even vaguely, that the fire of loyalty ever burned sufficiently low in the breast of a gas meter to allow it to betray the high trust

reposed in it by its employers? I guess not; we are not built that way. Never once did I flag.

Two months passed away before my old friend with the note-book and pencil appeared. As he approached me in a jaunty, light-hearted manner, softly humming "Old Hundred" in long metre, I wondered if my work would please him. The moment he gazed upon my ingenuous countenance, he started back in amazement; slowly the expression of amazement gave way to one of mingled awe and admiration. He reverently noted the progress I had made in the two months and then left me.

Three days later, as the sun was softly sinking to sleep in a downy bed of azure clouds, and I was resting from a hard day's work, I heard rapid footsteps approaching me. In a moment the large angry man, whom I had seen once before, stood confronting me. But the expression I had before mistaken for anger was one of angelic sweetness compared with that which now furrowed his face. I felt that some ghastly deed was about to be performed. Glowered he upon me but for one short moment, and then with frenzied yell he seized a gleaming axe and showered blow after blow upon me. I was rudely torn from my resting place and mutilated beyond recognition. After the villain had vented his rage upon me, he turned and walked away, muttering something to the effect that he did n't propose to pay for sixty-one thousand feet of gas when the house had been vacated for two months and no one had used any. I then realized the fearful mistake I had made.

And this is the story of my reform.

Those who knew me when the charm of symmetry marked my form would not recognize me now. An axe is not a good thing to reform one with. And now the remainder of my days must be spent in regretting the untimely quietus put upon my operations. Sorrow, deep, penetrating, wrinkle-producing sorrow makes philosophers of us all. The calm despair of a wasted life is upon me. Hope is a thing of the past. Alas! I must ever remain a battered example of the disastrous results attending intemperate zeal.

H. L. Wilson.

A YEAR'S DIFFERENCE.

I think it was last November:

We two by the Mall used to tarry;
You said that this fall you would marry,
And your eyes burned on mine. Remember?

Oh, you certainly *do* remember

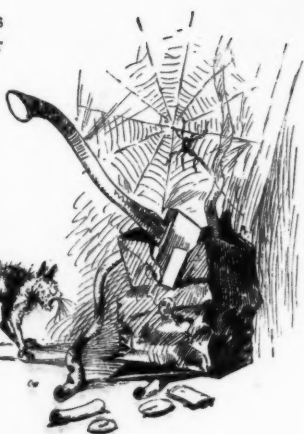
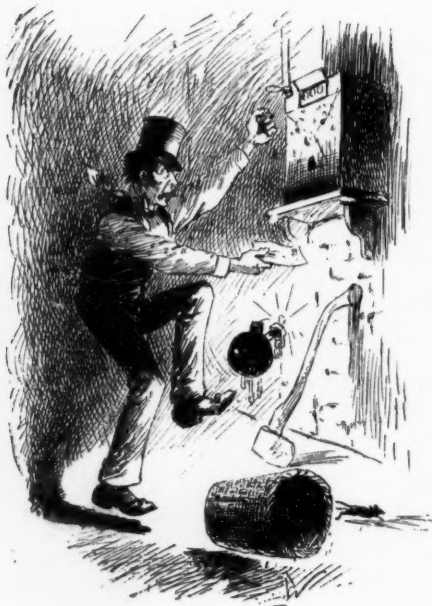
You said that this fall you would marry;
You were thinking, however, of Harry—
Well, I said it was *last* November!

W. J. Henderson.

FOND OF IT.

"Am I fond of music? *Me* fond of music?" said old Farmer Cloverseed: "Well, if there 's any thing on this created airth I *do* admire, it 's music—good music, that is, mister! Now, my old woman she 's got an accordeum to home, and of a winter evenin' she 'll take that old instroomint and grind and twist out sich harmony as 'd tech any heart that wa'n't stone. She 'll set and sing 'Nelly Gray,' and 'Gethring up the Shells from the Shore,' and 'Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys,' till I 'm blamed if it ain't the sweetest thing in the world to set and drink it all in. Fond of music? Well, if I ain't, I 'd like to know who is—when it 's good!"

Z. D.





ALLADE OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

THE MEADOWS will soon be chill and white,
And the brooklets be frozen deaf and dumb;
The mosquitos no longer buzz and bite,
And the bluebird's flown from the peach
and plum.
All Nature is desolate now and glum,
And the squirrel sports on the snake-fence rail,
While I warble and trill, and chant and trurr
"Unpack and uncamphor my swallow-tail!"

On the brass dogs the hickory's burning bright,
And the kettle begins to hiss and hum;
And Hebe, with footsteps sweet and light,
Appears with the sugar and lemons and—
Rapt visions about me softly come,
While in squadrons the wild geese southward sail,
And I whistle and jingle and pipe and drum:
"Unpack and uncamphor my swallow-tail!"

In beautiful eddies the leaves take flight,
And the sword of the hornet is waxing numb;
On the distant hill there's a chastened light,
And a base-ball fracture upon my thumb.
The exquisite roses have "clum" the "flum,"
And we list to the quail and the flail in the gale,
And of all my yearning this is the sum:
"Unpack and uncamphor my swallow-tail!"

From Dan to Beersheba and Muskegum,
Oh, list to my doleful, soulful wail—
My tumpetty, tumpetty, tumpy tum:
"Unpack and uncamphor my swallow-tail!"

R. K. M.

A GRAY STUDY.

THE DAY is as drab as an ancient Quakeress caressing a gray cat on an unpainted, weather-beaten fence. And what there is left of it, for it is about half-past four, is characterized by a chaste and gentle pathos. The dying day is as drab as the habiliments of an ash-sifter; and, as I gaze upon the ashen gloaming—for it has just about begun to gloam—it reminds me of a shaggy, gray stag-hound catching chunks of cold mutton on the fly.

As soft as the kiss of sleep; as soft as the reflection of a flower in the stream; as soft as the glance of love the mother bestows upon her first-born; as soft as the touch of the gentlest, snow-white hand; as soft as the bosom of the shimmering dove; as soft as the petal of a creamy rose; as soft as the crab that glads you for a quarter; as soft as—

I have forgotten what I was going to say when I began the foregoing paragraph, and I have n't time to try to recall it.

Almost everything I see is gray, from the gray squirrel on the beech to the gray-headed man riding down the gray road in a gray hat on a gray horse.

A gray jackass gazes at me dreamily from a bit of gray pasture, and then a gray partridge whirrs by; and, as I try to follow him with my eye, I notice some gray circles of smoke issu-



IN THE PARK.

SHE (reading inscription on base of pedestal).—"Beer fecit"—what oes "fecit" mean?

HE.—"Fecit?" Aw! Latin word—means "to do!"

SHE.—I see: "Beer did it!" My! My! I did n't know he was a drinking man!

AT PECK SLIP.

O'SHEA.—Pfwat's thim bags on yure ears, Mullin?

MULLIN.—Thim do be miffers. Oi'm drivin' an th' Sicond Avvinoo car-r.

O'SHEA.—Aha! Shure Oi t'ought it was goin' ter git married ag'in yez wor; wid Mrs. Mullin only d'id t'ree wakes kim Chuesda'. Rist her sowl, but she wor th' divil fer larrupin' her jaw!



ing from a gray concrete house; and fancy that if there is any maiden hair still growing, that that is gray, too.

Waiter, bring me a grayling.

How beautiful, how soothing, how dreamy, how soulful, how silently musical is the departing gray day! It is music, and yet it is not music—like Wagner. Its influence stills the soul as softly as a negro steals across the moonlit sward in quest of the chickens that are not his, but which shortly will be.

A gray owl sits on a gray rose-tree,

By a drab-gray hornets' nest;

And gray is the goose in the gray sky loose,

As the gray-gray minstrel jest.

The day reminds me of a fragrant cigar. The light is out, and the twilight is the ashes and aroma fast departing. But if you will excuse me, I will again burst into song:

Gray sea, Gray harbor,

Gray lea, Grape arbor;

Grief gray, Leaf gray,

Gray the heavens spacious;

Wood gray, Good gray,

Gray, gray, gracious!

R. K. M.

AN ANTE-BELLUM NEGRO recently got such a fright that his black wool turned into white cotton.

TWO GIRLS distinguished themselves in New Martinsville, W. Va., by carrying two kegs of powder from a burning building. The unkind reference to the fact that they thought it was face—and not gun-powder—shall not be breathed in these columns.

IT IS RUMORED about Park Row that the Angel Gabriel has let the trumpet contract to the Blowing Editor of the *World*.

IN 1604 NEW YORK was settled by the Dutch. At present it is being settled by the Irish—pretty effectually.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN has just been severely criticised for taking a terrier to church. The criticism is just. She should have taken a St. Bernard.

THE *Times* WANTS to know whether we are to have stoves or steam on the railroads. We don't see what good a railroad could be without steam.

MEN OF MODERN TIMES—JAY GOULD.



GOULD is an American of the first water.

His full name is Jay Gould, but I do not approve of spelling it out when the initial answers every purpose.

A more appropriate name for him would have been Aquarius, for he is not as much of a jay as his name would seem to indicate, while he is largely engaged in the Aquarius industry.

J. Gould knows a good quality of water when he sees it, and believes in feeding it in large quantities to his stock.

It must not be inferred from this that Mr. Gould is a stock-grower.

He is a stock raiser, depresser, and irrigator.

There are two kinds of stock, and Mr. Gould's is the other kind.

The moist, irriguous kind.

His railroads are irrigated to a large extent, and it is whispered that he intends to put enough water into them to enable him to take a cruise over them in his yacht *Atalanta*. Even at present his railways can be called canals without battering the figure of speech enough to make it leak.

Mr. Gould never pawns his securities; still, they are usually in soak.

His office is one of the most famous watering-places in the country.

A visit there will show his stocks carefully kept in water-tight tanks.

From the damp nature of these securities, it seems particularly appropriate that they should be dealt in at bucket-shops.

J. Gould never appreciates a dry joke; but invariably asks, when one is told to him: "Water you giving me?"

Of course, he carries a Waterbury watch.

Mr. Gould is very solicitous for the welfare of his friends. If he thinks one of them possesses so much wealth as to make him stoop-shouldered to carry it about, Jay generously steps in to relieve him.

Mr. Gould was a tanner in his earlier years, but he failed to make a success of it, owing to the slowness with which leather absorbs water. He, however, gained some experience in skinning things, which has been of use to him since.

It is generally believed by those who know him best that Mr. J. Gould would make an aqueous success as a milkman if he should ever decide to turn his talents in that direction.

The rumor that he has web-feet can be dismissed as an invention of the enemy; but it is a fact that when he unloads a lot of his stocks on the boys, they get a ducking if they neglect to put up umbrellas and stiff margins.

An eminent scientist says that a man is ninety per cent. water; but J. Gould's fondness for the fluid leads to the supposition that a special analysis must be made in his case.

On a freezing day Mr. Gould always has an icy coldness about his demeanor.

He freezes out other holders by permitting the water in the stocks to turn into ice.

He will not allow an oil painting in his house. He prefers water-colors.

When anything is wrong with his stock his favorite treatment is the water-cure.

His correspondence is conducted only on water-marked paper.

He is often called a stock-king, probably because he likes to rain over his competitors. He may also be called a stocking, because he "socks" it to them, or words to that effect.

If Mr. Gould should ever fail in business, the event would be a Waterloo, a Niagara, a cataract; and it would give the adjacent populace such a cold in its heads that instead of exclaiming "Wonderful!" it would cry, "Waterful! Waterful!"

HE MOVED INTO THE COUNTRY.



Walking home from the station—September.



October.



November.



December.

January—

WANTED.—A FAMILY MOVING INTO town want to buy or rent a house right in the heart of the city. Willing to agree to any terms; but must have possession without a moment's delay. Address, SADDER AND WISER.

RANDOM REMARKS.

IT IS SAID that business is ruined by the middlemen; but this can not be said of negro minstrelsy, because in that business the middle men are assisted by the end men in the work of destruction.

"ART IS LONG, and time is fleeting," remarked the young portrait-painter as he introduced his watch to the pawn-broker.

A MURDERER OF THE WEST says he was convicted in a trial by newspapers. He evidently does not believe in paper hanging.

EVE MUST have felt that she had lost one of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

IT is the easiest thing in the world to be a philosopher. All you have to do is to utter truths you don't believe and can't make other people believe, either.

"WHAT ARE the wild waves saying?" Skate, brother, skate!

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the people of Philadelphia will be left behind at the general resurrection, because they are so slow; but they will get up early on that day, as usual, to wash their front door-steps.

WHAT IS the use of going out riding in these chilly days when you can make yourself just as cold and wretched by sitting in your back parlor and reading one of Edgar Fawcett's novels?

IF THE ASS could get over his ears in debt he would certainly be bankrupt.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR is not mentioned in ornithology. Yet it is a tenth of an eagle.

THE OTHER DAY a dog got into a fight, and had another end put on his tail.

A NASSAU STREET bartender has recently invented a new drink. It is called a vitriol cocktail, and was constructed for the special use of the editor of the *Tribune*.

ONE SWALLOW-TAIL does n't make a winter.

THIS is the time of year when the dweller in the suburban town goes to sleep undisturbed by visions of nocturnal Africans; but, after a matutinal inspection of the wood-pile, he returns to the house whistling, in a gentle pianissimo: "The Lost C(h)ord."

THE POET who sings the beauties of the tinkle of the rain upon the roof probably never had any come through and tinkle on his eye-balls in the silent watches of the night.

A BIT OF FINE DOMESTIC IRONY.

MR. CAUDLE.—My dear, I think I'll step around and take a look at the street parade. They tell me they've got the finest menagerie there is in this country.

MRS. CAUDLE.—Menagerie? Well, you can get all the menagerie you want right back in that wood-shed, splittin' up that heap o' kindlins. I guess you've got menagerie on the brain. It's a pity you don't go along with the show fur ter take care o' the hyena; 'n' then if anything was ter happen ter the ring-tailed baboon, they'd hev you handy ter take his place.



A MORAL MARTYR.



I.
HE WAS a very ancient chap,
Of sad and sober face,
Who sat him down upon a bench
Within a sunny place,
Where many vulgar little boys
Did rudely romp and race.

II.
They screamed with glee at each new game,
And tore each other's clothes;
Their sports amused the patriarch,
Yet tears ran down his nose;
They tried in vain to make him laugh,
He only moaned his woes.

III.
Much marveled they this antique man
Should weep upon the bank;
It marred their sport when dismal tears
Accompanied each prank.
"Now tell us why you weep?" said they:
"Oh, venerable Crank!"

IV.
"When I was young," the gray-beard said,
"A century ago,
I never stood upon my head,
Or played at ball—oh, no—
Nor did I steal from bed to take
In any naughty show.

V.
"I scorned the weed men chew and smoke,
And eke the foamy beer;
I never read a wicked book—
Excuse this falling tear;
If in the street I heard rude words,
I'd gently close each ear.

VI.
"I never learned a game of chance,
Cards, billiards, any thing,
For in them lay I had been told
Full many a hidden sting.
Against my character, alas!
No one a charge could bring.

VII.
"I was a whole Y. M. C. A.,
And several synods, too;
I passed to pious middle age,
And gooder still I grew."
The old man stopped to wipe his chin,
And loud his nose he blew.

VIII.
"What boots it, though I'm five-score years,
And handsome, too, and tall?"
The gray-beard fiercely smote his breast,
While fast his tears did fall:
"I weeps, m' boys, to think that I
Ain't had no fun at all!"

E. De Lancey Pierson.



PUCKERINGS.

IT IS VERY SELDOM that we have to chronicle any noteworthy deed by a member of the detective fraternity, so that the news that a Mester-ton, England, child was killed by a ferret the other day, may be unique.

WE ARE TOLD that a Philadelphia Frenchman has invented a new method of walking on water. We are very glad to hear it, because we were becoming weary of the old method.

ATLAS MUST have been round-shouldered.

QUEEN VICTORIA has other things to worry her besides mere political matters. She has chin whiskers and a big family.

RIP VAN WINKLE was a Philadelphian at heart.

YOU SHOULD SPEAK to a horse as you would to a woman. Quietly, but masterfully.

CHASING A BULL across a soft swamp is the kind of agricultural pursuit that even the independent farmer does not relish.

MANY A PHILOSOPHER is book-stall fed.

A JUDGE WAS RECENTLY maimed, paradoxical as it may appear, by the court plaster falling on him.

THE MILKMAN generally has the call.

IT IS GETTING to be a common expression for a man to say his baby weighs a ton. It is generally the kind of a ton that a ton of coal weighs.

JAIL-BIRDS are of the same stripe.

WHAT IS an Ounce of Prevention?
Well, quinine is, in Jersey.

IT WAS NOT Friar Bacon's brazen head which said: "Time is, time was, time's past;" it was Maud S.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A YOUNG MAN had both his aural appendages chewed off in a rough-and-tumble fight; and all his friends are happy, because he played on the flute by ear, which he can't now.

YOU CAN NOT SMELL when you have a cold in your head, but you can always wear eye-glasses on your nose. Consequently, noses must be intended to support eye-glasses. Boston papers please copy.

IT IS SAID that March snow makes an excellent eye-water; but this is nothing more than an optical delusion.

PLINY ATTRIBUTES the invention of soap to the Gauls. If he attributed it to the Turks, he would be regarded as an unreliable historian.

AN AMERICAN TOURIST was offered a shillaleh for a shilling.

"That's the thing we pay the rent with!" observed the dealer.

"Chestnut!" said the American.

"No; it's blackthorn," responded the Celt.

A NEW THING in lawn-mowers is called "The Nebuchadnezzar."

WE HAVE always understood the feelings of the school-boy who said that Saturday would be much more satisfactory and filling if it only came after Sunday, instead of before.

IT WAS A St. Louis girl who thought "whoopla" a French verb.

HONESTY is the best 4-11-44.

IT TAKES the average child one year and four months to learn to talk; and in most cases the time is wasted.

THERE ARE some men who will never get into any but the largest size of hole. This is not because they are naturally great; but because their ears flourish like a green bay-tree.



HARDLY GETS HIS MONEY BACK.

MRS. BACKTOWN.—Well, 'f that ain't th' darndest sell yit. I kind'r liked gittin' weighed on that air five-cent plat'm scales; but blamed 'f it's wuth it, jest ter see a Dutchman pump one stroke!



AFTER THE ELECTION.

Let Columbia load her social nuisances into one big mortar, and fire them off to some place where they will do the most good.

PUCK.



A DUTIFUL SON.



"YES, FATHER, your teachings have, as you say, always been for my own best good, and no one can appreciate them more than I do. You think it is best for me not to go to the minstrel entertainment this evening, I know, because you would not advise me thus, except as you see that it is better for me to stay at home. And as I lay myself down to sleep, I will not feel bitterly toward you, my best friend on earth, even though the disappointment is hard for me to bear."

And bidding his father an affectionate good-night, he took his candle, and while his fond parent looked after him with a strange mist before his eyes, went up to his little bed-room, slipped out on the roof of the woodshed, thence seven links to the water-barrel, thence four links to the back yard, and No. 22—Row L—Balcony, was fully occupied that night.

C. N. Hood.

WINTER RESORTS.

IT IS THE popular thing, just at present, for men who own land to advertise and boom the town in which it is located as a winter sanitarium.

They argue that people are not apt to regard favorably any place that is not a great distance off. Why go thousands of miles to the Island of Corfu, when Sand Hill, or some such place within ten miles of New York, is just as good? Why go to the obscure little village of Saranac, where there are no conveniences, when Piney Paradise, Long Island, is in every way equal to it? These are the sage queries of the land-owners of every near-by Beanville.

I have, therefore, concluded that a brief article on the subject of near-by winter sanitariums may not be out of place; and I take pleasure in stating what I know regarding these localities, the healing properties of whose atmospheres should be known to all invalids.

Balsam Valley is a stretch of sand about fifteen miles from New York, bountifully studded with pines. The porous nature of the ground is such that the snow and rain are quickly absorbed. There is also a great deal of whiskey absorbed; but this has nothing to do with the sand. The air is consequently very dry and beneficial to persons suffering with throat

trouble. A man went there last March with a complicated malady known as bronchial tube rose-cold, and in three weeks he was able to use his wind-pipe so freely—he was a cornetist—that the hotel man raised his board to such an extent that he was obliged to seek other quarters.

If I were to relate some of the greater wonders of this dry air, within such easy reach of New York, I feel that my statements would be doubted; so I will merely refer to some that are not considered at all remarkable by the inhabitants.

The air is so dry at Balsam Valley that frequently the wind snaps the trees off close to the ground like wands of macaroni. The wood sometimes gets so dry that it splits itself. There is no way of getting at the absolute value of air that can dry up a crystal spring and a book agent at once. It is so dry that the landlords forget to put towels in the rooms.

Fishballston.—This is a lone knob of a mountain in Eastern Pennsylvania, noted principally for its slate quarries. As the slate is broken, people who go there must trust in the air. It is said to be a great place for malaria. It is. A friend of mine went there and got it inside of a week. Another friend went there with nothing but nervous dyspepsia, and in a fortnight had the ordinary plebeian dyspepsia to keep it company. Fishballston is a good place, though, all joking aside, for hypochondria; for



INVENTION DISCOURAGED AGAIN.

MR. EDWARDES.—Henry, what are you doing with those hats?

HENRY.—I was just asking Alice, through my new patent telephone, whether I should brace you for tickets for the matinee!

MR. EDWARDES.—My son, the only bracing in this family to-day will be done by me—with a slipper!



THE MORNING AFTER ELECTION.

McCAFFREY.—Is Cassidy elicted in th' foort', Dochter?

PHYSICIAN.—I believe he is.

McCAFFREY.—Praise be the Saints! I worked for him. It's anner enough. Lave me die!

no matter how blue you may be, just go there for a few days and you will be so much bluer that if you go even to East Newark that spot will seem a vortex of howling riot in comparison.

Sky Blue Point.—Sky Blue Point is situated about five miles from the ocean, on an inlet in New Jersey. It is a great mistake for consumptives to go to this spot, as the air is very salt and moist. But it is a splendid locality to secure an appetite, which is probably owing to the fact that there is n't a hotel in the place where you can get anything fit to eat. Besides, the changes are very sudden. One man down there last April changed his clothes and politics twice in a day. But it is a splendid place for any malady that is alleviated by salt. A hopeless sufferer from catarrh went there last February, and in a week he could talk fluently through his nose. The fishermen, who live all the year round at Sky Blue Point, pluck the wild geese, and their beds are salted down. The fish they catch they split and hang on a clothes-line over night, and in the morning they are properly salted for the market. They also run codfish through clothes-wringers to secure the oil. How fresh fish can abound in such a salty locality is a matter of conjecture with many erudite philosophers.

Many invalids are benefited by the milk of the sea-cow. A number of sea-cows are caught every year for their milk, and are afterward killed, when they are ready-made corned beef. It is also a famous sanitarium for incurable hams. In fact, the air of Sky Blue Point is so salt that many physicians think it would be better if it had a little pepper in it.

The reader who thinks that there is the slightest exaggeration in any statement contained in the foregoing article is respectfully referred to any guide-book of balsamic odor resorts for invalids, who would be better off if they would only remain at home.

R. K. M.



A DIAGNOSIS.

Mrs. QUINLAN.—Pfwat ails Jerry this mornin', Mrs. Kelly? Oi see his pick aisin' itsilf agin th' dure.

Mrs. KELLY.—It 's indishposed he is, Mrs. Quinlan, since Brogan's chowder-parthy last' Chuesday.

Mrs. QUINLAN.—Clams is bad thim fall days. Sorra th' mout'ful av wan Oi 'd touch!

Mrs. KELLY.—They is thot—though thim ain't pfwhat hurted Jerry. Th' docther says it 's some haythin disase nemed *maniac-a-pottu*, he has, an' Oi 'm tired wid it, Mrs. Quinlan!

Mrs. QUINLAN (*with warm sympathy*).—Oi doan' know it, Acushla, but tin to wan but pfwhat plinty av th' good ould pfwhiskey 'll bring him out!

Mrs. KELLY.—T'anks, Mrs. Quinlan! Oi 'll fill him wid th' carfy-pot shpout!

TO AN OLD TUNE.

YE MATCHLESS Knights of Labor
With whom work disagrees,
If you would be respected,
And kind of live at ease,
Then gloriously strike again,
And good luck with you go!
Strike bossism and loafing
Both on the head a blow,
And your wages will be running on
While you strike—keep striking so!

Columbia needs no bummers,
But honest men and true;
The world on its own axis spins,
So spin round, daily, you.
Loafing, one finds, he gets dead-broke,
You 'll find it end just so,
While working makes the worker rich,
It 's strikes that keep him low.
Take the Labor Line to Fortune,
Tho' the cars run you there slow.

Still, oh, gallant K. O. Labor,
Behold, but not too bold;
If you can't get just all you want,
Why, stick to that you hold:
Then, then ye business managers
Some decency you 'll show,
You won't send 'round the hat to beg,
Nor plunge yourselves in woe.
Take the road to Independence,
The road that strikes don't go.

James Nye.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

A MERE COMMONPLACE—Hunter's Point.

VERY ORIGINAL—Mr. Cohen.

HEADED OFF—The Guillotine Victim.

A BUILDING LOT—The Beavers.

A POOR STICK—Most of the mucilage at present in the market.

OVER THE WATER—The Sky.

A COUNTERPART—A Clerkship.

WHITE CAPS—The Nurses'.

A HIGH BALL—That of the F. C. D. C.

A POINT TO WINDWARD—Hunter's Point, most of the time.

"A HAPPY PAIR"—Two Aces.

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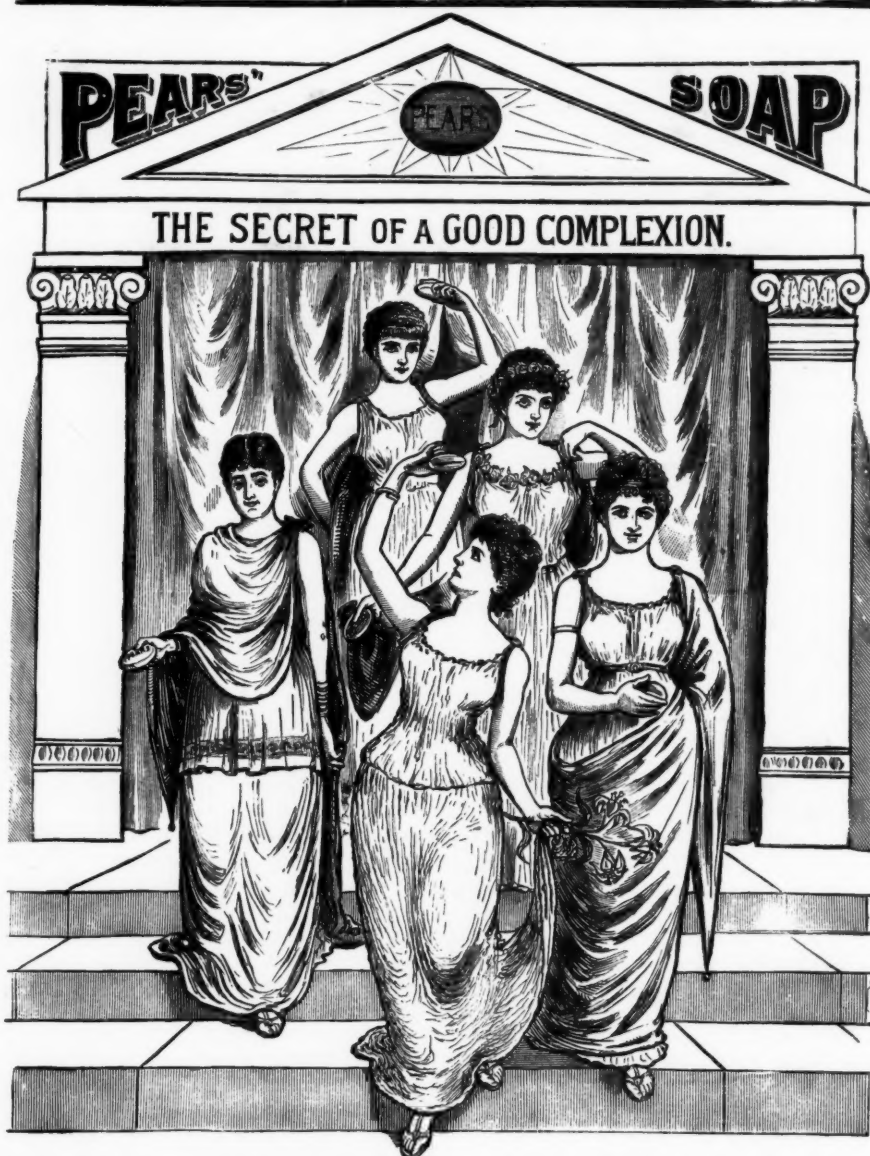
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IGNATIUS DONNELLY is going to see Mr. Childs and go him one better. He will erect a memorial sausage-machine to Bacon in the City of Chicago. There ought to be something about a stylus to wind this thing up with, but we can't bring it in, somehow. Some other fellow may pull on this string. Pull hard.—*Burdette.*



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THE tragic death of Gustave Wacht, a New York Anarchist, in a bath-tub, is variously accounted for. He was found in the water stabbed to death with a pen-knife. The case should be a warning to all Anarchists to make their acquaintance with water in a more gradual manner. A sudden dip is liable to prove fatal.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

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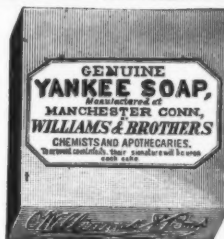
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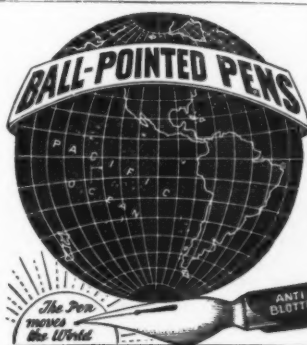
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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.*An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.*Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the
world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of
the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of
investigation and comment for every traveler that has
visited and written of those States. Many have gone be-
hind the commercial feature of the industry, and have
found in the production, fostered and protected as it is
by the Government, a solution of the stability of the
people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under
the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neigh-
bors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the
nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the conse-
quences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their
colossal Brauereien and that the Government fosters them.The last annual official statistical showing of the pro-
duct in Germany and Austria has just been received here.According to this report, the output of the six leading
breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the
following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,047
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	259,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	285,560
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.There are innumerable small establishments, but these
six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitudeREGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

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of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture
of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six
breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds
of malt were used.To those of our own community who are not tinged
with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction
in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest
brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the
period covered by the official report from which the
above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons
of beer, equaling**410,000 Barrels,**an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production
of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European
brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not
slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch
beer excels that of its European rival in about the same
ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges,
but in every European exposition in which the beer of
the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into
competition with that of all the above-named breweries,
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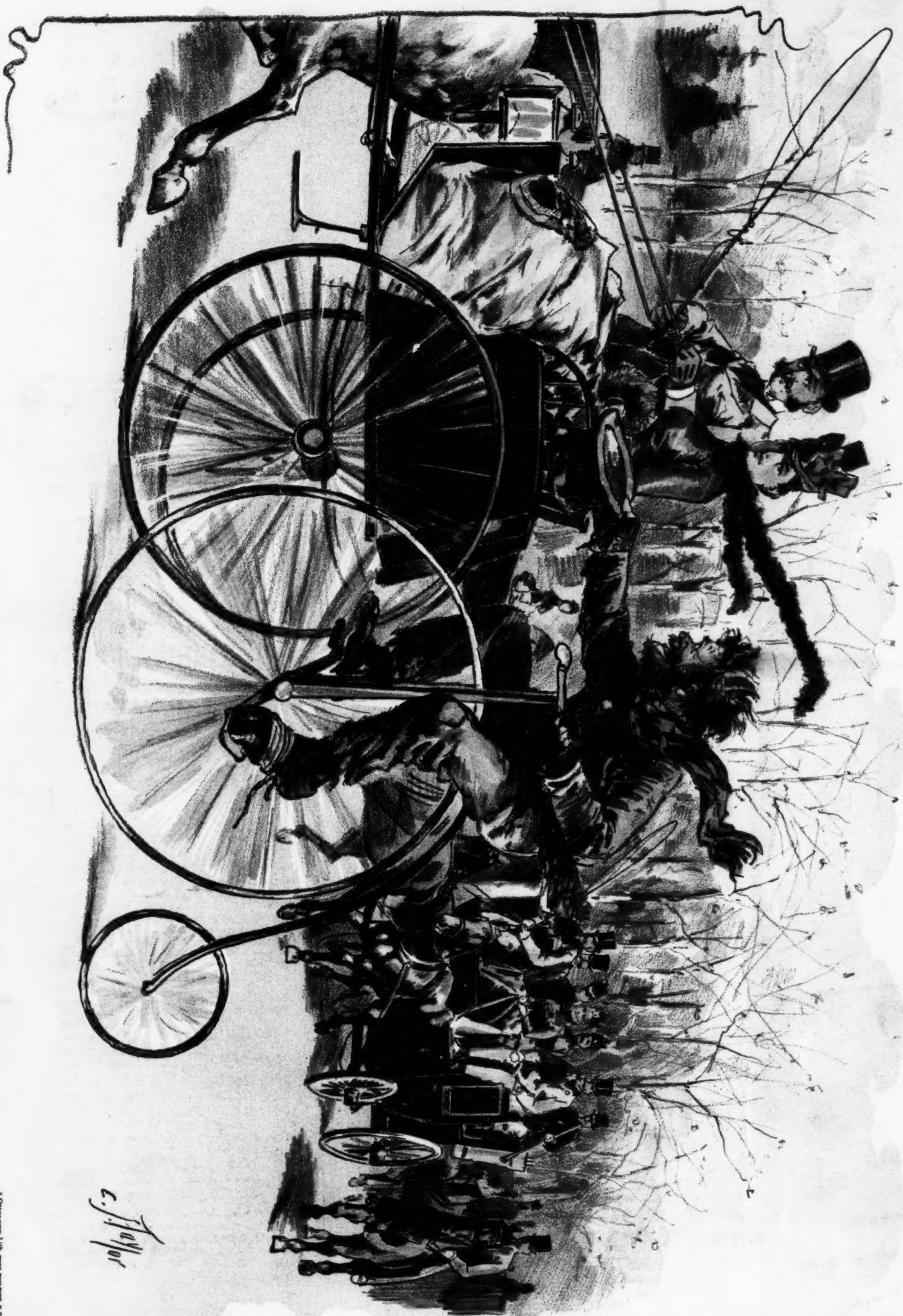
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